

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

No. 1867.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

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GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES, and of SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE ARTS. Museum of Practical Geology. The Session of 1852-3 will commence on Wednesday next, the 3rd of November. The Introductory Lecture by Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR, on "Industrial Instruction on the Continent," will be given on that day, at 3 p.m.

For information respecting the Lectures, &c., apply to Mr. TRENHAM REEKS, Curator, at the Museum, Jermyn Street, London.

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Up:—A 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Train will leave Bristol at 2 p.m. and Birmingham at 2.15 p.m. for Paddington. The 8 a.m. Express from Birmingham will be altered to 8.10 a.m.; the 10.25 a.m. from Windsor to 10.10 a.m.; the 3.30 p.m. Train from Birmingham to 3 p.m.; the 5.40 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.; and the 5.30 p.m. Express from Windsor to 4.15 p.m. The 2.30 p.m. Train from Maidenhead, and the 7.30 p.m. Express from Birmingham, will be discontinued. An Express Train will leave Birmingham at 3.20 p.m. for Paddington, and Trains will leave Windsor for Paddington at 2.50 p.m. and 8.10 p.m.

Sundays:—Down:—The 3 p.m. Train will be discontinued, and the 2 p.m. will run through to Birmingham.

Up:—The 1.40 p.m. Train from Windsor will be discontinued; and an additional 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Train will leave Birmingham at 10.30 a.m. for Paddington.

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Paddington Station, October 28, 1852.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

REVIEWS.

The Marvels of Science, and their Testimony to Holy Writ. By S. W. Fullom. 1 Vol. Colburn and Co.

A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing. It belongs only to the strongest and most capacious minds to grasp the whole domain of science; and it is the highest application of such intellects to apply their conquests to the illustration of those truths which have been vouchsafed from a higher source to guide erring man, of every grade of intelligence, to a better knowledge of himself, of his Creator, and of the duties which he owes for the gift of his creation as a rational and responsible being. Thus, in our own day, a Whewell has summed up the results of modern science, and, in conjunction with a Chalmers, a Buckland, a Bell, a Kirby, and other kindred intellects, has endeavoured to exemplify "the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation." But these gifted and qualified minds entered upon their important task not without misgivings. They had been long known to the world as honest and successful labourers in their several departments, and their well-earned renown was a guarantee of their fitness for their delicate and responsible tasks. It is, nevertheless, pretty generally felt that the 'Bridgewater Treatises' are not amongst the happiest productions of their respective authors; and the deprecatory tone of the prefaces of most of these works was, no doubt, as sincere as it is illustrative of the characteristic and beautiful union of modesty with true science.

Who, then, we ask, is Mr. S. W. Fullom, who, in a volume dedicated to royalty, and devoid of any prefatory sign of consciousness of the nature or difficulty of his task, comes forth to instruct the world as to 'The Marvels of Science, and their Testimony to Holy Writ,' and with a foregone conviction that his teachings will not be confined to his own countrymen, notifies on his title-page, "that he reserves the right of translating this work in France, Brunswick, and Hanover"! Have we, indeed, had a genius amongst us combining the qualifications of the Bridgewater authors, silently and modestly gaining such mastery of the various departments of human knowledge, as to astonish us by his sudden blaze of power in their highest and most important application? Or, have we here only another of the many illustrations of our great poet's experience—that "fools rush in where angels feared to tread"?

Let the work testify of its author. To begin with its logic and metaphysics. In page 2 it is written—

"Apart from Revelation, the mind itself is impressed, at a very early period of its development, with an intuitive consciousness of a superior Power—a Deity, or a fellowship of Deities, to whom it is subject and accountable."

An intuitive or innate idea must be the same in every individual of the same species, on whose mind such idea, or primary notion, has been stamped. To admit, therefore, that the consciousness of a superior Power may be in one mind a consciousness of a Deity, and in another of a fellowship of Deities, is tantamount to a denial of such consciousness being the result of an intuitive or innate impression on the mind. Had it pleased the Lord and Creator of all to make himself known to the

rational species on this planet by an innate or very early impressed intuitive idea, it would have been one and the same idea for all, and, being intuitive, could never have been the subject of doubt or contention. The 4th chapter of book i. of 'Locke's Essay on the Understanding' has been written in vain for Mr. Fullom. It may be worth his while, however, to re-peruse the 7th to the 17th sections of that chapter. Besides the instances, which Locke was then able to cite from trustworthy voyagers, of whole nations, "amongst whom there was to be found no notion of a God, no religion," modern navigators have added other equally indubitable examples of peoples, as, *e. g.*, the Australians and Tasmanians, who have equally no idea of a higher power to whom they are subject and accountable. The very diversity and inconsistency of men's notions of the Supreme, to whom worship is due, are incompatible with the belief that such notions have been intuitive or innate. Holy Writ, to which Mr. Fullom undertakes to bear testimony by his science, plainly teaches, that so far from the idea of God being "intuitive," it was revealed to a peculiar people, who were set apart to hand down that idea, until in the fulness of time it should be diffused, with further revelations as to the Divine nature, amongst other nations.

As to history, Mr. Fullom concludes his first chapter with a melodramatic *tableau* based on that sad passage in the records of science relating to Galileo and the Inquisition, the supple old philosopher being thus apostrophised:—"What spectacle so lamentable as that writhing frame, released from the bonds of the rack, and stretched on the damp straw of a dungeon! Shut out from the world, his every limb quivering with pain!!" (p. 13.) Shut out, Mr. Fullom! Have you never read that an English traveller, a known heretic, and one whose life was imperilled by the freedom of his remarks on Popery, whilst in Italy had free access to Galileo, then "a prisoner to the Inquisition," and was not likely, when he related that fact, to have omitted mention of his tortures, had Galileo ever undergone such? The facts of the philosopher's case appear from the actual records to be these:—When, in 1615, the Inquisition ordered depositions to be drawn up against Galileo, Pope Paul V. guaranteed his personal safety, and his able defence at that time silenced his calumniators. In 1632 he published his celebrated 'Dialogue on the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems,' and was again summoned to Rome, being then seventy years old; but we are told that he was lodged at the Tuscan ambassador's house, where he received all the protection and comforts which the Grand Duke could confer upon him. He returned to Florence, where our poet Milton found him, indeed, "a prisoner to the Inquisition," but apparently in his own house, where he finished his 'Dialogues on Motion;' and we may infer, therefore, that he was a prisoner on parole, who had pledged his word to the Pope that he would no more teach the doctrine of the earth's motion, although he might admit in private to a friend that "for all this it moves."

Earnest and thoughtful men are beginning to feel that the far too common verbal lawyer-like quibbling with the plain texts of Scripture, in order to make them square with the plain deductions of observation and experiment, is doing no service to the cause of Holy Writ. Let any honest,

unbiased, and intelligent man read the different texts cited by the Inquisitors as bearing on the scientific questions at issue between them and Galileo; and then let him give his verdict whether the priests were nearer the truth when they decreed that "the propositions that the sun is the centre of the world and immoveable from its plane," and "that the earth is not the centre of the world nor immoveable, to be expressly contrary to Scripture;" or whether Mr. Fullom is nearer the truth when he affirms that the scientific demonstration of the earth's mobility and sun's fixity "testifies with resistless force to the divine authority" of these texts.

Chapters II. and III., on the Heavenly Bodies, offer racy specimens of the author's ideas as they have been got by skimming over some popular summary of astronomical science. Astronomers, for example, have inferred from the figure of the moon undergoing no refraction whatever, when she is observed approaching any of the stars, that she has either no atmosphere, or one of a degree of tenuity which must exceed that of the so-termed 'exhausted' receiver of the air-pump. Whence it has been concluded that there are no fluids on the moon's surface, since, if there were, an atmosphere must be formed by evaporation. In the grandiloquent style of 'The Marvels of Science,' parodying this result of lunar observation,—"No seas fill her bottomless depths, and no rivulets gush in crystal cascades from the secret recesses of her mountains." (page 27.) But in the next page we are told, that "from the towering summit of Mount Newton, mantled in impenetrable ice, to the lowest cavity of this silent world, all is sterile." Now, unless by "impenetrable ice," the writer means a kind of ice altogether different from that which the frozen water of our sublunary spheroid produces, the glaciers of Mount Newton must unquestionably yield to the same penetrating beams that dissolve those of Mont Blanc, especially when those beams are directed unintermittingly, and for a period equalling $14\frac{1}{2}$ of our own days—the heat of such lunar day becoming, as Sir John Herschel estimates, intense. Before the melted ice of Mount Newton, therefore, is wholly evaporated, it *must* flow "in crystal cascades down its secret recesses," and many other consequences must as inevitably ensue, fatal to Mr. Fullom's flowery description of the condition of the moon, if his premises of ice and solar heat on its surface be admitted. Herschel, indeed, speculating on the possibility of the aqueous element on the moon, states that "the consequence must be absolute aridity below the vertical sun, constant accretion of hard frost in the opposite region, and, perhaps, a narrow zone of *running water* at the borders of the enlightened hemisphere." ('Astronomy,' page 230.)

Being let down to the earth's surface, we are favoured with another example of "external refraction," but this Mr. Fullom candidly enough admits may be owing "to some weakness or temporary derangement:"—

"Awaking one night from a sound sleep, I was surprised, on looking up, to observe a woman standing by the bed-side. The room was wrapped in darkness, so that I could not, at first, distinguish even the white blinds of the windows; yet the whole figure of my strange visitant stood forth, distinct and prominent. What was more singular, as showing the inscrutable nature of refraction, I made out the colour of its drapery, which was a green and white plaid, falling in a long gown on the floor. Quickly perceiving that the figure, however feminine in outline, was above the stature of

woman, I became sensible that it was an illusion, and sat up in the bed to regard it more steadily. I was then struck by the grace and exquisite dignity of its attitude, and the softness of its outline. The whole disposition of the figure was emblematic of the profoundest sorrow; and, as I continued to gaze, it became next to impossible, with such appearances before me, to believe that I was contemplating a mere phantasma. To place this beyond doubt, I touched the figure with my foot, when it instantly changed into mist, and dispersed."

Chapter IV. is entitled 'Ruins of the Creation;' and, under the head of 'Geology and Religion,' believers in the Bible are told that—

"From a foolish misconception, the fallacy of which will be demonstrated hereafter, it is contended that all His prodigious works are of yesterday. Miserable delusion, repugnant alike to reason and Holy Writ! God is eternal. The very stones cry out to us, as we kick them beneath our feet, that the operations of His hands have been from everlasting, and that even they have scarcely had a beginning." (p. 64.)

We beg leave to acquaint Mr. Fullom that geology lends no countenance whatever to the old Anaximandrian doctrines of the non-existence of a beginning of things, of the eternity of matter, and of its infinitely recurring phases of composition and resolution. We profess ourselves, indeed, unable to comprehend the meaning of the phrase, that stones "have scarcely had a beginning." A thing must either have begun, or have existed from eternity. As the ordinary human mind is constituted, it cannot conceive a middle term between these propositions; if Mr. Fullom's can, it is a marvel in metaphysics. No science has furnished the theo-philosophist with more, or more striking instances of the beginnings of things and of systems in time, and more complete refutations of the ancient atheistic doctrines of no-beginnings, as sung by Lucretius, than modern geology. The ability to carry the date of a beginning thousands or millions of years further back than it was before calculated to be, brings us no nearer to the comprehension of eternity. But as Mr. Fullom, speaking in the plural number, avers that "our perceptions of eternity become more definite" (p. 117) by reason of geological discoveries, his mind may not partake of the same finite nature as those of his readers. The writer is plainly incompetent to comprehend the bearing of the scientific statements which he has skimmed over. He mistakes, for example, the illustration of a subsidiary cause in a great geological formation for the sole and exclusive agent, and accordingly commits himself to the most absurd generalizations. Thus, having met somewhere with a notice of Darwin's ingenious observation of one of the most limited agents in the conversion of corals into a cretaceous pulp, Mr. Fullom affirms "the chalk beds have accumulated from the excrement of fish," and then tells us "the soul feels cheered and elevated by this sublime discovery!" (p. 117.) In this mood he proceeds to assert—

"We possess two Revelations, which confirm and establish each other; one, the terrestrial, is interpreted by geology; the other, written by Moses, is dictated by inspiration, and claims to be regarded as the Word of God. It is not surprising that, at first sight, these chronicles should seem to record facts at variance with each other, and which it is difficult to reconcile." (p. 124.)

We affirm, on the contrary, that nothing has caused greater or more painful surprise than the amount and degree of variance by

which the deductions of human science, mis-called by Mr. Fullom a *Revelation*, as to the shape, movements, and age of the globe, are opposed to the plain and literal statements on those points in the Mosaic records. From Lactantius to Luther, and from the Inquisitorial silencers of Galileo to the Dean of York, this variance has been found so great, and so little to be expected from the true results of science, that those results have been condemned, in the most unqualified manner, by men best able to judge of the sense of texts, as being most untrue and heretical. And it is not the bare assertions of braying folly and presumptuous stupidity that will lessen the breach that to the astonishment, not to say dismay, of all honest, equal, and reflecting minds, seems daily to be widening between the orthodox interpretation of scripture, and the authoritative dicta of science. So long as the same terms are used in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, verse 11, in assigning the period of the creation as the basis of the weekly Sabbath, which are used in the first chapter of Genesis, in the more detailed enunciation of the period so occupied, it will be in vain that such amendments of translations as that "there were mornings and evenings, a first day," instead "the morning and evening were the first day," (p. 129,) and the like, can be held by the pious and unprejudiced to be a satisfactory harmonization of Geology and Religion.

Of the capacity of Mr. Fullom, whoever he may be, to enlist the phenomena of Geology into a testimony of the Noachian catastrophe, we need only cite the following, from p. 142:—

"It appears that the plain of Thibet, which is at an elevation of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, is a post-tertiary formation, and, as it has rendered up bones of the elephant and hippopotamus, must have accumulated in comparatively recent times. Thus we see that some of the highest ground in the world was at no distant period covered by the ocean, and yet incloses in its crust the remains of animals essentially terrestrial. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that we behold on this spot incontestable traces of the presence of the Deluge."

Comment would be wasted on such nonsense.

In spite also of the numerous and convincing evidences, such as the wearing away and polishing of the cave's floor by the feet of hyænas, the accumulations of their calcareous faeces, the unmistakeable marks of violence of their teeth upon the fractured bones of their prey,—all which evidences the Kirkdale and other caverns have afforded of the length of time during which they were tenanted by successive generations of carnivorous beasts,—our applier of the 'Marvels of Science to the Truth of Holy Writ' deems "the ossiferous caves found in so many parts of the world" as "unquestionable evidences of the deluge, showing the submersion of, at least, the greater part of the land. These gloomy recesses are packed with animals of every kind (!), which, as the waters rose upon the earth, here sought a common shelter." (p. 146.)

Passing next to the Marvels of Botanical and Zoological Science, "Sponges," we are told, "are the humblest form of animal life yet discovered;" "their vitality appears to be lodged in an adhesive gelatine, and is evinced by excessive sensitiveness, and by respiration." (p. 279.) If there be any one property that naturalists are most agreed upon in regard to the vital phenomena of sponges, it is the total absence of any trace of irritability, of any

movement, contraction, or shrinking of their living gelatinous tissue, whatever stimulus may be applied to it. "We find," says the learned Professor in University College, who is the great authority in regard to sponges, "that no stimulus which has been employed in this class of animals has ever excited in them the slightest sign of irritability. Pressing them, burning them, tearing them,—nothing has ever excited, so far as is known, the least indication of irritability in their adult state." (*Lecture IV.*, p. 197.) Dr. Grant's experiments are decisive on this point; all who have repeated them have met with the like results.

But all these observers must be wrong, for Mr. S. W. Fullom declares that sponges "have been observed to imbibe sea-water by expanding, and to eject it, when its aliment was extracted, by the counter process of contraction." (p. 279.) Nay, he goes further, and flatly avers, "Even sponges have been seen to move." (p. 280.) But a twinge of conscience appears here to hint that he may be going a little too far in his endeavour to extract from such a 'Marvel of Science' a testimony to Holy Writ, for he qualifies his statement by admitting that, "as a general principle, this freedom of motion is very restricted." (p. 281.) If Mr. Fullom had not the time or industry to go conscientiously to the original authors on the subject he so glibly writes upon, any of our numerous compendiums of zoophytology might have taught him the well-known and well-attested fact of the insensibility and immobility of the developed sponge. Dr. Fleming, *e. g.*, in his 'British Animals,' p. 518, writes, "Sponges consist of an albuminous skeleton and gelatinous matter, forming a mass *not irritable*," &c. Dr. Johnson, in his 'British Zoophytes,' arguing against the animality of sponges, cites them truly as being "non-irritable." These, as well as all other competent writers, use the proper term in reference to the non-contraction of the tissue of the sponge; and any tyro in physiology now knows that the shrinking of a living organism, when touched, is no proof of sensation. To be self-conscious of the reaction of a nervous fibre upon muscle requires the special superadded nervous organ called a 'brain,' and sensitiveness rises with the cerebral development. Mr. S. W. Fullom, therefore, may not feel very acutely our comments. We can assure him, however, that a brain has not yet been detected in any zoophyte. Mr. Fullom proceeds to inform us that "he is disinclined to adopt the modern distinction of sensibility;" by which, if he mean the well-established difference of reflex or automatic movements from those consequent on sensation, that distinction is at least as old as Hartley, and has been established by the best experiments of later physiologists. The reason assigned by Mr. Fullom for his doubt on this point is, that "many plants, from the delicacy and peculiar character of their organization, are largely endowed with this quality." (p. 253.) "Sensitiveness," therefore, although "excessive," according to Mr. Fullom, in the sponges, being enjoyed by them in common with "many plants," another character is adduced in proof of the higher rank of sponges in the organic world. "They supply themselves with nutriment, an important animal function, through their pores." (p. 279.) Of a truth, that book is a curiosity in literature in which the page can be indicated with the certainty

of such averments being there literally given. But in this instance, as in the case of the moon, the writer betrays his ignorance of the matters he presumes to obtrude his opinions about, by his inconsistencies and inconsequences. At page 247, *e.g.*, we are told of plants, that "perspiration exudes from their pores; blood circulates in their intercellular passages; they eat and drink, and in some cases, strangely deviating from the general law, even require the stimulus of animal food."

On glancing over the book, after perusing its 'Title,' we were led to set that down to a current spirit of modern empiricism; and we concluded that Mr. Fullom was merely copying the example of a writer of greater renown, but with the same eye to business, who puffs off his researches by the catching title of 'Wonders of Geology.' On a further and closer acquaintance with Mr. Fullom's pages, we found, as may be judged by the specimens given, that, in one sense, most of his statements might truly be called 'Marvels of Science.' What a marvel of entomology, *e.g.*, must be that species, "by no means amongst the largest," of butterfly, to which "is allotted nearly 35,000 eyes, distributed over every part of the body, and thus, whatever may be the position of the animal, no danger can approach unperceived." (p. 284.) The Society over which Mr. Westwood so worthily presides will find even its new apartments too small for the numbers that will flock to the meeting, if the evening of the exhibition of this eye-clad lepidopteran be but duly notified; and if Mr. Fullom should attend in person to demonstrate the marvellous specimen, he will probably take the same opportunity of exposing the weak compliance of the students of the annulose classes with the authority of Cuvier, and the groundlessness of their faith in the dicta of the great anatomist, who would detach from the *insecta* of Linnæus those articulate species that breathe water by means of gills, and would form them into a distinct class; for Mr. Fullom has satisfied himself that the Crustacea "claim superior rank to Arachnides," inasmuch as "they are usually encased in a solid calcareous skin, perforated by openings, through which they receive and exhale air"! (p. 289.)

To the Geographical Distribution of Animals Mr. Fullom contributes the following:—"The Ourang-outang, or Wild Man of the Woods, is a native of the regions north of Coromandel." (p. 312.)

To Anatomy he is even more bountiful:—"The thigh-bone is joined at the knee to the two bones of the leg," (has not Mr. Fullom a knee-pan also joined by capsular ligament and muscle to the femur?) "which terminate in the foot, composed of seven bones, guarded from injury above by an arch." (p. 340.) We had always supposed that the seven bones of the tarsus or ankle formed but one segment of the foot, and that they themselves constituted the arch of that segment. "The fourteen bones of the toes complete the extremities." But the metatarsal bones equally belong to the extremity, if Mr. Fullom will not allow them to form part of the foot. The author may deem these criticisms too close; but if he will condescend to minute anatomy, he might as well be accurate. If *e.g.* by the "two bones of the leg" he means the tibia and fibula, we may inform him that the latter does not, in man, articulate with the femur.

"The stomach is a sort of bag, formed of

two duplex coverings, so constructed that, on the introduction or ejection of food, they can expand or contract at will." (p. 346.) Let Mr. Fullom the next time he has fed to satiety on a favourite dish, try by a strong exercise of his volition to expand the much abused bag; if he should fail in his attempts to make more room "at will," we may impart to him the reason why. There is but one tissue in the human body that is contractile "at will," viz., that peculiar muscular tissue, which is characterized by its striated ultimate fibre. Not a particle of this tissue exists in the stomach; that bag has, indeed, a muscular tunic, but it is of the "involuntary kind."

But enough of such blunders, rendered barely amusing by their very grossness, and encompassed by a spurious though earnest piety, offending by their profane application; for what is ignorance pretending to hold up the light of science to divine truth but a manifestation of profanity?

Revelations of Siberia. By a Banished Lady. Edited by Colonel Lach Szyrma. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn and Co.

ANY one would imagine, from the above lugubrious title, that this was a tale of bitter persecution and woe; and it is said by the editor to have been written while the narrator "was writhing under the most acute mental suffering, resulting from hardships endured in a dreary region identical with a vast prison, associated in our minds with the most poignant of human grief." Our readers will, however, be gratified to learn that it is nothing of the sort. The authoress, a noble and accomplished lady of Poland, was separated for a time, it is true, from her children, on suspicion of being implicated in some conspiracy against the government of His Imperial Highness of Russia; but her banishment for two years to Berezov, an important city of Western Siberia, seems to have been lightened in a peculiar measure by hospitalities, luxuries, and comforts. She lived free and unobserved, participated in all the social gaieties of the people, enjoyed the companionship of a lively Siberian amazon, renowned for smoking, boating, and shooting, in boots and a jockey cap, visited and entertained visitors, attended *fêtes* and masquerades, and her adventures and shrewd observations of Berezovian life and manners are here narrated with graceful and stirring interest.

It was in 1838-9 that Madame Eve Felinska was ordered by the Czar to quit her home; and having been confined for a few months in a convent of Russian nuns at Kiev, she was sledged away with post horses and bells to the far north. On arriving at Nijny Novgorod, it happened that the annual Makariev fair was being held, and there are few such incidents of the journey on which our intelligent exile has not some brief and sensible remarks.—

"The Wolga, by which the Baltic is united with the Caspian Sea, carries to this place merchandise from the south and the west. Here, the Calmucks, Persians, and Bukharians come with the produce of their own country; the Chinese, with their tea and silks; the Siberians, with their furs and curious collections of precious stones. These and the like articles of raw produce, and the other riches of Asia, are exchanged for the choice commodities of Europe. It cheered me to see that, by means of commerce on the very spot where I then was, and which I saw so benumbed and almost dead, intercourse was yet maintained between so many nations, differing in origin, customs, lan-

guage, and religion; in the colour of their skin and in their dress; in their physiognomy and civilization. Divided by nearly the whole of the globe, they here meet together on friendly terms, and become acquainted with each other, and humanized."

Those who remember the beautiful malachite doors, tables, and vases exhibited last year in the Russian department of the Crystal Palace, will be interested in a description of the locality in which they were prepared:—

"Ekatarinburg is one of the towns founded in 1723, and contains a good number of fine buildings. It is the central point of the administration of mining, with a mint established by Government, and is tolerably populous. It is, besides, celebrated for its mines and iron works, its mineral ores, and its process of polishing precious stones. Gems of every kind, and all sorts of jewellery, can be had here at a very moderate price. Amethysts, opals, chalcedonies, chrysolites, topazes, aquamarines, emeralds, and a variety of rock-crystals, are exposed for sale in great quantities, polished and unpolished; and some are not inelegantly set."

Madame Felinska arrived at Tobolsk, the capital of Western Siberia, in exactly a month:—

"We had throughout a very easy sledge journey, there being plenty of snow on the roads, though on approaching Tobolsk it commenced to thaw, and torrents of melted snow were rushing from the hills. Obviously the beams of the vernal sun began to manifest their genial influence. Having gone through all the forms at the police-office, in accordance with the usage on the arrival of passengers, we put up at a guest-house (*goscinnica*), which is an inn exclusively destined for the class of exiles to which we belonged, and contains several suites of rooms, in which they are lodged. Worn out with a whole month's constant travelling, I was delighted to find myself in a comfortable room, where I no longer heard the tinkling of the post-bells, and was not pressed to travel on and on, but free to dispose of my time as I chose. In this delicious state of tranquil repose I almost forgot that I had still a weary journey before me—for I had not yet reached my destination."

The traveller here met with several other exiles, and gives a touching description of the final melancholy career of a distinguished Polish officer, who had fought many battles under Napoleon; but, accused of taking part in the Pestel conspiracy in Russia, had been twenty years before transported without trial to Tobolsk:—

"During one of my walks, being accompanied by some friends, I paid a visit to Colonel Severin Krzyzanowski. He was a poor invalid; both his feet are paralyzed, and he never quits his chamber. One of our company, M. Onufry Pietraszkiewicz, preceded us to apprise the Colonel of our approach, and we waited in an outer room while his nurse, a German, prepared for our reception. In about a quarter of an hour the Colonel was ready to receive us, and being ushered in, we found him sitting in a deep arm-chair, *à la Voltaire*, propped up on both sides, his infirm debilitated body requiring those supports. His long, thin hair was snow-white—bleached, as it appeared, by premature age, brought on by much suffering, and it fell down on his shoulders, reaching nearly to his elbows. His face was excessively pale, and looked as though it were swollen; the lustre of his eyes was dimmed, and their old fire quenched. As he saw us enter, his lips and eyes trembled convulsively, betraying a strong inward emotion. We perceived that he tried to speak, and could not. He then by a movement of his hand made us a sign to approach his seat, to enable him to shake hands with us."

"With inconceivable fire and rapidity, he discoursed on a variety of things and incidents, plunging by turns into the past and the present, and nowhere resting long, as if forewarned of his

lucid moments being numbered and but scantily granted to him. He seemed therefore the more eager to catch at each moment, as they flew rapidly by. Within half an hour, however, his ideas grew confused, and at last got quite unstrung. He still continued speaking with the same volubility as before, but alas! there was no reason in his words. I did all I could to bring him back to his former train of associations, but all in vain. His thoughts having once lost their pathway, could by no means be brought into it again."

The Colonel survived this visit only a few months. From Tobolsk our authoress proceeded, in a trading vessel, by the river Oby, to the place of her destination:—

"At last we left the Oby and entered on the Soswa, one of the minor tributaries, though still large enough in its volume of water to surpass the largest rivers of the European continent. It rises in the Uralian mountains, and after absorbing in its course a number of smaller streams and rivers, falls into the Oby at no great distance from Berezov.

"No sooner had we entered on the Soswa, than all eyes turned towards the north; and it was not long before a shout of joy was raised, 'Berezov! Berezov!'

"We disembarked at the quay in the bay, and found a crowd of people of all classes, old and young, standing on the shore, the women dressed in gaudy, bright colours, their gowns, pelisses, and handkerchiefs shining like so many flower beds, as if it were a fair. Seeing this assemblage of people at one point, not on Sunday, but on a working-day, I conceived quite a different idea of Berezov from what I had previously entertained."

Having taken apartments, Madame Felinska and her companion in exile, Josephine, commenced making a round of calls, and soon introduced themselves to the *élite* of the Berezovians. The chief of the police was an object of especial friendship:—

"We received an invitation from the director of the police (Sprawnik) to an evening party at his house, on the occasion, as we afterwards learned, of his wife's name's day."

We went at ten o'clock, and found a numerous company. The male portion amused themselves in the first suite of rooms, by playing boston, or partaking of refreshments; the ladies sat in the drawing-room, richly attired in dresses of the most expensive stuffs, decorated with gold chains, necklaces, and brooches of precious stones and Oriental pearls. The only difference observable was in their head-dresses, by which the wives of the functionaries or nobles (*blahorody*) could be distinguished from those of the citizens. The first wore caps, the latter coloured silk kerchiefs, tied in a manner to make the head appear in the shape of a melon.

"Before a sofa stood a table covered with all sorts of confectionary, preserves, dried fruit, and cedar nuts, and every now and then the hostess went round to present some of these to the ladies. Each of the new-comers on her entrance had, by way of welcome, a plate of sweetmeats presented to her; and it was regularly from her that the new round commenced. Gentlemen seemed to take no delight in these delicacies, but made up for their abstinence in this respect by partaking of the wine and liquors."

"At midnight we wished to take leave; but our amiable hostess would not hear of it. She would not let us go before supper, and gave orders that it should be instantly served. At about two o'clock the supper came, and consisted of an immense variety of dishes, amounting, without exaggeration, to full a hundred."

"Every grand feast commences with a pirog, a raised cake, usually with a French crust. On the occasion of name's-day festivals, this figures on the table as one of the standing dishes. No grand *fête* takes place without it. The whole supper is *à la fourchette*. Everybody takes what he likes best, and eats where and with whom he pleases. Due

honour being done to the pirog, the first entry came in, and the whole table was entirely covered with it. It would be no small task to enumerate the variety of dishes. There were ducks, smoked and fresh—geese fresh and pickled, and stuffed with various ingredients, and set round with jellies; tongues of oxen and rein-deer, prepared in a peculiar manner; heads and heels of the same animals, and coloured jellies, ornamented on the top with a variety of neat, shining embellishments, and proudly reposing on layers of lemon peel, geranium leaves, and flowers. Little satisfied with the provisions which the place could afford, the lady in whose honour the day was celebrated, had procured supplies from distant parts of the country; and among these figured a splendid ham, and a roast pig, cold, both imported from Tobolsk. The first *entrée* having been removed, the second was served. This was not so abundant as the first, and consisted chiefly of cutlets and game, with but one sweet, in which the taste of onion and palm predominated. As for sauces, this part of the culinary art might be declared to be still in its infancy at Berezov. The third *entrée* was made up wholly of roast meat, and it would be difficult to describe all the dishes, so great was their variety. Every kind of game that the woods and forest contained, was brought on the table, and it almost groaned beneath the heap of geese, ducks, woodcocks, partridges, and various species of snipes. Amidst this grand array, roast veal occupied the place of honour. Subsequently to this course, rice-pudding was ushered in, with a white sauce poured over it. This is the only one of our puddings known to the Berezovians, and at no entertainment is it forgotten. These principal courses were succeeded by sweet jellies, clear and transparent, and ornamentally served up. They would have been unexceptionally good, only for the quantity of wine and spices in them, which rendered them rather too pungent for the palate. At last several sorts of cakes were brought in, and with these the *fête* ended."

As in the summer of this northerly region there is little difference between night and day, and in the winter the day is only of three hours' duration, the Berezovians occupy much of their time in playing at cards and various games, in telling stories, and in masquerade amusements:—

"The principal and most favourite amusement at Christmas, in which all the Berezovians are delighted to take a part, is that of disguises, or what is called here a masquerade. This pastime commences, as I before remarked, on the second day after Christmas, and lasts till Epiphany. Every evening, people make their appearance in a variety of disguises; nor is the diversion confined to the higher or richer classes, as government functionaries and merchants; but is shared by the humblest, and by old and young alike. Fancy costumes and masks are procured by the wealthier inhabitants from Tobolsk, and are thus brought into use from year to year, while the lower classes present themselves in less costly dresses, but which answer the same purpose. They who are too poor to procure a different costume, borrow any garments, however old and common, from others, and disguised in these, with a handkerchief drawn over the face instead of a mask, divert themselves as well as the best. A merry heart makes everything go pleasantly."

"On the approach of dusk the town is crowded with maskers, some on foot, others in sledges, proceeding from house to house, and all frolicsome and happy, the more so if, as frequently happens, they find the doors of houses not bolted against them, and their owners willing to give them a welcome. Most of the masked parties enter the house without saying anything, or even having anything to say, and after lounging in the apartments for a few minutes, depart as they came, continuing their visits in this manner through the town. Personal acquaintances and friends, if they like to awaken curiosity, venture on some pantomimes agreeing with the characters they have assumed, but do not speak. These more licensed visitors, although

they may not be recognised, are requested to remain longer in the house. After perambulating the whole town, the masked parties usually terminate their visits in some friendly circle, where they have been invited to pass the rest of the evening."

"The most distinguished of our masked company consisted of government functionaries, with a sprinkling of the principal aristocracy of the town. Among them we recognised the director of police in a Cossack costume; the judge of the district dressed as a hussar; and the paymaster-general as a lancer; while the postmaster wore the costume of a civilian of the seventeenth century; the physician disguised himself as a woman; the lady of the director of police appeared in a costume resembling a Cracovian; the professor's sister wore a dress of a nondescript character, suggested by her own fancy, and lastly our friend, Madame X—and her brother were disguised as Turks."

The authoress gives also an interesting account of what is called the 'butter-milk mummery.'

The common people of Berezov are described as having no lack of this world's goods, and as being neat and well clad; but the wandering tribes of Ostiaks and Samoides, like the Esquimaux, are filthy in the extreme, living amid grease and putrid smells, and feeding on raw meat, on the blood and entrails of animals, and on any sort of offal that comes in their way. Copious and interesting is the account given of these people, especially of their annual fair gathering at Obdorsk.

While speaking of the Ostiaks, it may be well, in conclusion, to quote a story, which seems well authenticated, confirmatory of the difficulty of supporting life in the circumpolar regions. When stating our opinion at the recent meeting of the British Association at Belfast of the utter improbability of Sir John Franklin, or any of his crew, being able to subsist on the produce of arctic animal life, Colonel Sabine, than whom no one is more qualified to speak on the subject, replied, that "traces of Esquimaux had been discovered throughout all the region hitherto explored, and wherever Esquimaux could live, he presumed Englishmen could live also." No evidence has, however, been adduced to show that the Esquimaux remain in this high latitude for any lengthened period. The following sad tale is not without its bearings on the question:—

"In order to convey an idea of the frightful situation to which these poor people are frequently reduced through want of provisions, I shall relate one occurrence, which took place in the district of Berezov, a few years before I arrived there. An account of it is preserved in the archives of the town, and I heard it confirmed by eye-witnesses, competent judges of the case."

"An Ostiak family, consisting of an aged mother and two sons, one married and the father of two children, and the other a boy of twelve years old, and consequently not able to give much assistance to his elder brother, on whom the maintenance of the family had devolved, happened to fall short of provisions at the end of the year. The fishing season had not yet commenced, the return of the birds was unusually retarded by the cold, hunting proved unsuccessful, and even fish bones, from which in time of dearth a sort of nutritive jelly is obtained, began at length to fail. Situated as the family then were, hunger deprived them of all energy and strength, and nothing remained but to await a lingering and cruel death from starvation. In this conjuncture a council was held, and it was decided that rather than all should perish thus, one should be made a sacrifice for the food of the others. Meanwhile the spring which was fast approaching, opened them a sure prospect of deliverance; in a few days, they thought, birds in

flocks would return from their winter-quarters, and afford them plenty of food, and could they hold out but a short time, they would be saved. Having adopted this awful resolution, which appeared to be the only means of saving their lives, they next proceeded to draw lots, to see who should be the victim. The lots were drawn, and the fatal one fell on the eldest married son.

"The consternation of the whole family at this result may be imagined. The aged mother, considering how much her elder son was required for the support of all, represented to the family, that were they to kill him, they could not, even when the spring should arrive, improve their situation, for who would then be able to procure them subsistence? therefore, they had better all perish at once. This representation was acknowledged by all the members of the family to be perfectly just. But who was to replace the appointed victim? A pause of dreadful significance ensued. At last, the aged matron interrupted this silence, and said: 'Kill me! let me be eaten before you kill my son. I am old, and my life is of no use. Besides, I am not attached to life, and if I have lived long, it is because I could not help it.' The matron's voluntary offer was accepted. She was killed instead of her son, and her body afforded temporary sustenance to the family. A few days afterwards fishing became practicable, and the whole family was saved from starvation.

"The Ostiak *yourtas*, standing alone and dispersed amidst forests, do not admit of outward observation and scrutiny, and the inhabitants are unable to investigate the conduct and daily occupations of their neighbours. The incident I have described would, in all probability, have never transpired, if the perpetrators of the horrible deed had not themselves voluntarily brought it to light, without in the least suspecting that they would be called to account for the confession. The case came to be known in this manner. When the spring arrived, and communication by water was re-established, one of the Berezovians who had for many years previously had mercantile relations with the ill-fated family, happened to visit them, and observing the absence of the mother, inquired what had become of her. 'Our mother is no more,' replied the eldest son. 'We have eaten her to save ourselves from perishing.'

"Astonished beyond measure, the visitor made further inquiries, and afterwards communicated all the particulars to the authorities. The entire family were then brought to trial; and the consequence was, that the elder son was sentenced to the mines for life, and the younger, as the least guilty, not being of age, was banished to Surgut, a town situated three hundred versts from Berezov."

The work is translated with grace and judgment, and has a sustaining interest in every page.

The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. By William Stirling. John W. Parker and Son.

[Second Notice.]

To proceed. The convent of St. Jerome, at Yuste, is built on the sunny slope of a wooded sierra, commanding an extensive and most picturesque panorama. Charles had many years before noted the sweet and secluded spot, and had treasured up the locality as the site of his future hermitage. To this peaceful solitude, so refreshing to the weary soul, the fleshly comforts of a balmy climate, abundant gardens, fruit trees, clear trout streams, and pastures, were added; while an additional wing to the convent, plainly furnished, but fully provided with well-cushioned arm-chairs and ample fire-places, secured the in-door comforts of the imperial recluse. And when we mention that his gold and silver plate exceeded 13,000 ounces, it may be presumed that he lived like a gentleman. His house-

hold consisted in all of sixty persons, chiefly Flemings, and his chamber of fourteen; these were his confidential friends and companions. To Quixada, the chamberlain, an old soldier, he entrusted the care of his natural son, Don John, of Austria, the secret of whose parentage was not revealed. With Gaztelu, his secretary, he carried on the important state correspondence, for although he had laid aside the sceptre, the interest he took in politics was unabated, and his opinion was asked by the Regent Infanta and Philip II. on every ticklish occasion, and cheerfully given. Mr. Stirling treats as idle tales the notions that Charles ever repented of his abdication, or that Philip feared he would return to the throne, which in fact Charles frequently and earnestly was requested to do, but steadfastly declined:—

"In truth, Philip's filial affection and reverence shines like a grain of fine gold in the base metal of his character; his father was the *one* wise and strong man who crossed his path whom he never suspected, under-valued, or used ill. The repose of Charles cannot have been troubled with regrets for his resigned power, seeing that, in truth, he never resigned it at all, but wielded it at Yuste as firmly as he had wielded it at Augsburg or Toledo. He had given up little beyond the trappings of royalty, and his was not a mind to regret the pageant, the guards, and the gold sticks."

His relaxations were literary, musical, artistic, and mechanical. His old familiar attendant, William van Male, of Bruges, was by his side day and night, and translated and corrected the compositions of the Emperor, whose education—bred and born in the camp—had been neglected. A portable organ was in constant play, to which a choir of friars was taught to sing hymns. Another favourite was Juanelo Torriano, of Cremona, with whom Charles constructed watches, astronomical time-pieces, and ingenious pieces of mechanism; and his pictures were few, but fine, and such as became the friend and patron of Titian. He was fond also of pet birds and flowers.

He occasionally received envoys and official visitors of rank, such as the Prince of Eboli, sent by Philip II. to consult him on important state affairs; his sisters, the Queens Dowager of France and Hungary, and the Duke of Gandia, the celebrated Francisco Borgia; he, too, had renounced the pomps and vanities of this world, and exchanged, when in the prime of life, his ducal coronet for the robe of the Jesuit. A fellow-feeling induced Charles to place unlimited confidence in this visitor, with whom he was frequently closeted in secret conference for many hours. Charles lived on terms of friendly familiarity with the friars, much to the dissatisfaction of his lay suite. He was very attentive to his devotions, and sincerely religious; he usually heard mass from the window of his bed-room, which looked into the church, and during Lent, took his place in the choir with the monks; and "at the end of the appointed prayers, extinguishing the taper which he, like the rest, held in his hand, flogged himself with such sincerity of purpose, that the scourge was stained with his blood."

It was observed, as he got older, that his bigotry waxed stronger; and so great was his indignation at some symptoms of Lutheran heresy at Seville, that he urged the immediate extirpation by fire and sword, observing that, if anything could tempt him from his retreat, it would be to go in person and superintend immediate and most rigorous mea-

asures. It was then that he declared his regret that he had not put Luther to death, when he had him in his power at the Diet of Worms in 1521; he had spared him, he said, on account of his pledged word, when he ought to have preferred the higher duty of "avenging upon that arch-heretic his offences against God."

Meantime his general health continued good, and there was every prospect that his life might be much prolonged, when in August 1558, a cold and injudicious repellent, used by him to allay some gouty irritations of his legs, occasioned a change for the worse. It was about this time that his thoughts seemed more turned to religion and its rites. He had always been accustomed to celebrate with funeral obsequies the anniversary of the deaths of his kinsfolk and distinguished friends, attending himself, preceded by a page holding a lighted taper; and now, having consulted his confessor, he determined to perform his own funeral. "The high altar, the catafalque, and the whole church shone with a blaze of light, the friars were all in their places, and the pious monarch himself was there attired in sable weeds, bearing a taper to see himself interred, and to celebrate his own obsequies. When the solemn mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to yield his soul into the hands of his Maker." The canon Gonzalez, who finds no details of this ceremony in the archives of Simancas, treats the story as an idle tale; he laments the credulity of Sigüenza, and pours out much patriotic scorn on the highly-wrought picture of Robertson. The conclusions to which Mr. Stirling, who has carefully considered the question, has arrived, will be best understood in his own words:—

"Of Robertson's account of the matter it is impossible to offer any defence. Masterly as a sketch, it has unhappily been copied from the canvas of the unscrupulous Leti. In everything but style it is indeed very absurd. 'The Emperor was bent,' says the historian, 'on performing some act of piety that would display his zeal, and merit the favour of Heaven. The act on which he fixed was as wild and uncommon as any that superstition ever suggested to a weak and disordered fancy. He resolved to celebrate his own obsequies before his death. He ordered his tomb to be erected in the chapel of the monastery. His domestics marched thither in funeral procession, with black tapers in their hands. He himself followed in his shroud. He was laid in his coffin, with much solemnity. The service for the dead was chanted, and Charles joined in the prayers which were offered up for the rest of his soul, mingling his tears with those which his attendants shed, as if they had been celebrating a real funeral. The ceremony closed with sprinkling holy water on the coffin in the usual form, and, all the assistants retiring, the doors of the chapel were shut. Then Charles rose out of the coffin, and withdrew to his apartment, full of those awful sentiments which such a singular solemnity was calculated to inspire. But either the fatiguing length of the ceremony, or the impressions which the image of death left on his mind, affected him so much that next day he was seized with a fever. His feeble frame could not long resist its violence, and he expired on the twenty-first of September, after a life of fifty-eight years, six months, and twenty-five days.'

"Sigüenza's account of the affair, which I have adopted, is that Charles, conceiving it to be for the benefit of his soul, and having obtained the consent of his confessor, caused a funeral service to be performed for himself, such as he had lately been performing for his father and mother. At this service he assisted, not as a corpse, but as one of

the spectators, holding in his hand, like the others, a waxen taper, which at a certain point of the ceremonial he gave into the hands of the officiating priest, in token of his desire to commit his soul to the keeping of his Maker. There is not a word to justify the tale that he followed the procession in his shroud, or that he simulated death in his coffin, or that he was left behind in the church when the service was over. In this story respecting an infirm old man, the devout son of a church where services for the dead are of daily occurrence, I can see nothing incredible or very surprising. Abstractedly considered, it appears quite as reasonable that a man on the brink of the grave should perform funeral rites for himself, as that he should perform such rites for persons whose bones had become dust many years before. But without venturing upon this dark and dangerous ground, it may be safely asserted that superstition and dyspepsia have driven men into extravagancies far greater than the act which Siguença has attributed to Charles. Nor is there any reason to doubt the historian's veracity in a matter in which the credit of his order or the interest of the church is no way concerned. He might perhaps be suspected of overstating the regard entertained by the Emperor for the friars of Yuste, were his evidence not confirmed by the letters of the friar-hating household. But I see no reason for questioning his accuracy in his account of the obsequies, which he published with the authority of his name, while men were still alive who could have contradicted a misstatement."

Be this as it may, the Emperor did but anticipate his real funeral, for when the imaginary ceremonial was concluded, he sat too long musing in the open air, and caught a chill; a fever came on on the 31st of August, and he took to his bed, never to rise. For twenty-one days and long nights he struggled with death; nor can we better conclude our brief remarks on this excellent work than with Mr. Stirling's impressive account of the last scene of the mighty Emperor's chequered career:—

"Towards eight in the evening, Charles asked if the consecrated tapers were ready; and he was evidently sinking rapidly. The physicians acknowledged that the case was past their skill, and that hope was over. Cornelio retired; Mathisio remained by the bed, occasionally feeling the patient's pulse, and whispering to the group of anxious spectators, 'His majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour.' Charles meanwhile lay in a stupor, seemingly unconscious, but now and then mumbling a prayer, and turning his eyes to heaven. At length he raised himself and called for 'William.' Van Male was instantly at his side, and understood that he wished to be turned in bed, during which operation the Emperor leaned upon him heavily, and uttered a groan of agony. The physician now looked towards the door, and said to the Archbishop, who was standing in the shadow, '*Domine, jam moritur!*' 'My lord, he is now dying.' The primate came forward with the chaplain Villalva, to whom he made a sign to speak. It was now nearly two o'clock in the morning of the 21st of September, St. Matthew's day. Addressing the dying man, the favourite preacher told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the feast of St. Matthias the apostle, who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve, and in being about to die on the Feast of St. Matthew, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth as his majesty had forsaken imperial power. For some time the preacher held forth in this pious and edifying strain. At last the Emperor interposed, saying, 'The time is come, bring me the candles and the crucifix.' These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from our Lady's shrine at Monserrat; the other, a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escorial.

He received them eagerly from the Archbishop, and taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to the bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to a call, '*Ya, voy, Señor!*'—'Now, Lord, I go!' As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took, and held it before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed, after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried '*Ay, Jesus!*' and expired."

Napoleon the Little. By Victor Hugo. Vizetelly and Co.

THE title of this book, and the fame of its author, have procured for it more notice than any of the political works called forth by the present state of affairs in France. The searchers on the frontier have injunctions to exercise special vigilance lest a publication so dangerous and so offensive should find access into the embryo empire. Vast numbers of copies, however, are in circulation in Paris, which are said to have been sent in sheets through the post-office in safety envelopes. The demand for reading it is so great that the adventurous owners are obtaining large sums by lending their copies, a risk which would only be run in consideration of most profitable returns. By Frenchmen in exile the book is greedily read, and is considered the ablest attack yet made on the Prince President. Our own opinion is, that so much violence and bluster, with worse faults to be presently pointed out, are little creditable to the judgment and taste of the author, and that the work will do more harm than good to the cause in support of which it is written. We may use Madame Roland's famous expression with regard to books as well as deeds—"O Liberty, what things are written in thy name!"

So far as M. Victor Hugo keeps to the historical events of the revolution of the 2nd of December, and the account of the consequences of the *coup d'état*, the book is all very well. The narrative of the massacres and cruelties of that period is written with powerful energy, and the denunciations of the tyrant, and the lamentations over lost liberty, are uttered with stern and affecting earnestness. The terrible details of many scenes in Paris and in the provinces are given, and the following is the summing up of the results of the *coup d'état*:—

"On the 2nd December, and the following days, he, the executive power, assailed the legislative power, arrested the representatives, drove out the assembly, dissolved the council of state, expelled the high court of justice, suppressed the laws, took 25,000,000 francs from the bank, gorged the army with gold, swept the streets of Paris with grape-shot, and terrorised France. Since then, he has proscribed eighty-four representatives of the people; stolen from the Princes of Orleans the property of their father, Louis Philippe, to whom he owed his life; decreed despotism in fifty-eight articles, under the name of Constitution; garrotted the Republic; made the sword of France a gag in mouth of liberty; pawned the railways; picked the pockets of the people; regulated the budget by *ukase*; transported into Africa 10,000 democrats; banished into Belgium, Spain, Piedmont, Switzerland, and England, 40,000 republicans; filled all souls with sorrow; covered all foreheads with a blush."

The portrait and personal sketch of Louis Napoleon is one of the passages in the volume that will be read with curiosity:—

"Louis Bonaparte is a man of middle height, cold, pale, slow in his movements, having the air of a person not quite awake. He has published, as we mentioned before, a tolerable treatise on artillery, and is thought to be acquainted with the manoeuvring of cannon."

"He is a good horseman. He speaks drawlingly, with a slight German accent. His histrionic abilities were displayed at the Eglintoun tournament. He has a thick moustache, covering his smile like that of the Duke d'Artois, and a dull eye like that of Charles IX."

"Judging of him, apart from what he calls his 'necessary acts,' or 'his grand acts,' he is a vulgar commonplace personage, puerile, theatrical, and vain. The persons who are invited to St. Cloud, in the summer, receive with the invitation an order to bring a morning toilette, and an evening toilette. He loves finery, trinketry, feathers, embroidery, spangles, grand words, and grand titles,—the sounding, the glittering, all the glass-ware of power. In his quality of cousin to the battle of Austerlitz, he dresses himself up as a general."

"He is not an idiot. He is a man of another age than our own. He seems absurd and mad, because he is out of his place and time. Transport him in the sixteenth century to Spain, and Philip II. would recognise him; to England, and Henry VIII. would smile on him; to Italy, and Caesar Borgia would embrace him. Or even, taking care to place him beyond the pale of European civilization, place him, in 1817, at Janina, and Ali-Tepeleni would grasp him by the hand."

The abuse of the President is unmeasured. Such phrases as these are frequent:—

"This imperial ruffian, this pick-pocket prince, this gipsy king, this traitor, this master, this Franconi's groom! this radiant, imperturbable, self-satisfied governor, crowned with his successful crime, who goes and comes, and peacefully parades trembling Paris, and who has everything with him,—the stock exchange, the Church, the magistracy, all influence, all cautions, all invocations, from the *Nom de Dieu* of the soldiers to the *Te Deum* of the priest!"

However much the friends of free and constitutional government may sympathise with those parts of Victor Hugo's work which relate to the tribune, the public press, the independence of judges, and other political matters, few English readers will approve of the social and religious principles in the closing part of the volume. Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, Rousseau—these are the apostles of modern progress! In the gloom of the present reign of Jesuit ascendancy, one hope remains to the exiled admirer of the Encyclopedists.

It is almost too ludicrous to repeat it seriously; but, strange to say, the author anxiously awaits the issue of the present experiments in ballooning; for as soon as a method of steering these aerial ships is discovered, farewell to the cordons of *douaniers* and police, and a free passage for liberty and reason appears once more:—

"It has now only to realize—and it has nearly done it—a project, which is nothing compared to the miracles it has already wrought; it has only to find the means of directing through a mass of air, a bubble of lighter air; it has already obtained the bubble of air, and keeps it imprisoned; it has now only to find the impulsive force, only to cause a vacuity before the balloon, for instance, to burn the air before the aerostat, as the rocket does; it has nothing more to do than to resolve this problem in some way or other, which it will do, and what will be the result? At that instant all frontiers vanish, all barriers are swept away; everything that resembles a wall of China round thought, round commerce, round industry, round nationalities, round progress, crumbles; in spite of censorship, in spite of *index expurgatorius*, it will

rain books and journals upon every country under the sun—Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, will fall like hail-showers upon Rome, Naples, Vienna, and St. Petersburg; the human word is manna, and the serf will gather it in the furrows he is tilling; fanaticism will die, and oppression will be no longer possible; man who dragged himself along the earth arises up; civilization changes itself into a flock of birds, and flies away, whirling about and alighting joyously at the same moment upon every point of the globe. Lo! yonder where it passes! Point your cannons, old despotisms, it disdains you; you are merely the bullet, while it is the lightning; no more hatreds, no more conflicting interests, no more wars; a new sort of life, composed of concord and mental light, pervades and soothes the world; the fraternities of nations soar through illimitable space, and hold communion in the eternal fields of air—men mingle with each other in the skies."

Pauvre Idéologue! might Louis Napoleon well say of Victor Hugo. The Imperial throne is safe enough, if threatened only by wind-bags such as these. When Europe is scattered over, not with the works of Voltaire, but with the Bible, which, in Protestant lands, has been the seed of all true and free thoughts, then, and not till then, will there be solid hope for the cause of civilization or of liberty. But what can be expected of a writer, eminent though he be, who charges his arguments with such blasphemy as the following?—

"For three years and more, the world has witnessed an immense punishment, and a frightful spectacle. For three years and more, the men of the past, the scribes, the Pharisees, the publicans, the princes of the priests, have crucified, in presence of the human race, the Christ of nations—the French people. Some have furnished the cross, others the nails, others the hammer. Falloux has placed upon its forehead the crown of thorns. Montalembert has placed upon its mouth the sponge, dipped in gall and vinegar. Louis Bonaparte is the wretched soldier who struck his lance into its side, and made it utter the last cry, *Eli! Eli! Lama Sabachthani!*"

NOTICES.

A Man without a Name. A Tale. Edited by the Dowager Countess of Morley. Bentley. This tale is simple in construction, and without great variety of character; but the incidents are affecting, and the book is written in a very pleasing style. The interest in the hero and heroine of the tale is well kept up, and the manner in which the mystery of the supposed foundling is cleared up gives scope for some skill in managing the course of the story. The sensitiveness of Edward Johnson, on finding that something criminal was attached to his parentage, is somewhat exaggerated; at least it will appear so to those who remember the famous matrimonial dialogue of Dr. Samuel Johnson and his intended wife, a scene which the similarity of the name probably suggested to us. To risk the happiness and life of a girl to whom he was betrothed under such circumstances, and to quit her so abruptly for the antipodes, displays keen sense of honour; but in plain unromantic life would hardly be likely to occur in a way so quick and unconditional. However, this, if a fault in the author, is one 'leaning to virtue's side,' and all is well that ends well, as the loves of Edward Johnson and Mary Hardy did. The narrative parts of the tale are well written, and the dialogues well sustained. The Australian part of the story forms an agreeable variety in the scenery and characters, and very beautiful are some of the passages of the tale after the father and son meet in these far-off lands.

Principles of Imitative Art. Four Lectures delivered before the Oxford Art Society. By George Butler, M.A. John W. Parker and Son. UNDER the term imitative art, Mr. Butler includes Music and Poetry, as well as Painting and Sculpture, but for good reasons stated in his introductory

lecture, he confines his attention to those departments which are more usually designated as the Fine Arts. These are practically the only fields for the exercise of imitation, as the word is now understood, though the defence which the author undertakes of Aristotle's definition against the criticisms of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Edmund Burke, is philologically just. Aristotle used the word *μίμησις* in its most extended sense—viz., representation by means of art, while Sir Joshua Reynolds objected to the term, as if it implied only the imitation of external or visible objects. Mr. Butler's interpretation of Aristotle's definition is, that "all art is an imitation or representation of an image in the mind, either awakened by some external object, or springing up from within." The discussion of these and other theoretical subjects was appropriate to the audience before whom the lectures were delivered, and will be read with interest by the classical scholar. The practical and critical dissertations on the principles of art as developed in painting and sculpture, are full of instructive and entertaining matter. In some parts the style is more adapted for a scholastic than for a popular audience, but the substance of the book is suited for all classes, and likely to diffuse a sound taste and keen relish for artistic studies. Without entering into much detail on any branch of the course, the lectures present a well-sketched outline of the first principles of the Fine Arts, with enough of critical discussion and historical illustration to relieve the heaviness of didactic statement. The remarks on schools of design, museums, galleries, and other subjects relating to national education in art, are extremely sensible, and accord with the improved tendency of public feeling of late years in this direction. While the extended study of art is advocated, not the least valuable part of the author's work is that in which the advantage of classical and general education to the professional artist is pointed out. The book is altogether one calculated to promote the study and the love of art, and is creditable both to the scholarship and taste of the author. We are glad that the Oxford Art Society, in sanctioning these lectures of their secretary, have more enlightened and enlarged views than other artistic associations which have of late years sprung up in our universities.

Histoire des Beni-Zeïyan, Rois de Tlemcen. By the Imam Cidi Abou' Abd' Allah-Mohammed-ibn-Abd' el Djelyl el Tenessi. Translated from the Arab, by the Abbé Bargès. Paris: Duprat.

ALTHOUGH the French have now been in possession of Algeria for upwards of three-and-twenty years, and although they have sent commissions after commissions, and *savant* after *savant*, to make scientific, and artistic, and archæological researches therein, they have done little or nothing to cause the literature of the Arabs to be known to Europe. This is much to be regretted, for that literature possesses in every department many works of real sterling merit. In history alone, for example, Hadgy Khalfa counts not fewer than one thousand two hundred authors of more or less distinction. The first of importance on his list is the celebrated Abou-Djafar-Mohammed-ben-Djorair, who was born in the year 839 of our era; he wrote a Universal History, beginning with the creation, and coming down to the year 302 of the Hegira. Another historian, Abd-el-Rhaman-Chehab-eddyn, has left a very valuable account of the Crusades. And of poets—not to mention other writers—the Arabs not only possess a greater number in proportion than any other people in the world, but amongst them are several who, if they had written in a language more widely known, would have gained universal admiration. In these days the noble hero Abd-el-Kader, though a warrior, is also a poet, and we have heard his verses highly spoken of by competent judges. We shall be glad if the work before us may be accepted as an indication that the literature of the sons of the Desert is at last about to be made known to us; the French cannot with decency neglect any longer to turn its treasures to account. Perhaps a work of more general interest than this history of the chiefs or kings of Tlemcen might have been chosen for trans-

lation, but we are thankful for it. The long-named Arab writer displays a good deal of ability, and is very interesting.

Historical Account of the Fiars in Scotland. By George Paterson, Esq., Advocate. W. Blackwood and Sons.

THE subject of this pamphlet is of much importance in the north of the island, where money transactions to a large extent are regulated by the price of grain, as annually ascertained by what are called the Fiars Courts. "The amount of pecuniary value affected and fixed by these courts in one day is greater than that adjudicated upon by all the other courts of the country during the course of the year." Such was the statement made in a report to the House of Commons in 1834. The word 'fiar' is of disputed origin, the author considering it the same as an old French word, *feur*, proportion or average. By the average price of grain in each county of Scotland through the year, the stipends of the clergy and schoolmasters, and to a large extent the amount of rents, and other payments, are regulated. The manner of striking the fiars varies in almost every county, and the results of this annual duty of the sheriffs and their juries causes much dissatisfaction, and no little litigation. Mr. Paterson gives a clear and succinct narrative of the past history and present practice of the Fiars Courts, points out the chief causes of error or unfairness in their proceedings, and makes valuable suggestions for amending the system. The plan proposed by him for obtaining more correct averages appears reasonable and easily worked, without requiring any new legislative interference.

The Dietetics of the Soul. By Ernest von Feuchtersleben, M.D. Churchill.

THIS book is translated and edited from the seventh edition of the German original. The subject is a curious and important one, and is on the whole treated with ability and good sense. Under the term 'Dietetics of the Soul,' the author says that he would comprehend a knowledge of the means by which the mind in every sense is preserved in health—practical ethics, in fact. But his treatise confines itself to that management of the mind by which bodily health and happiness are affected. The work is therefore more a medical than a moral one, and relates chiefly to the therapeutic influences of the mind on bodily health. It so happens, according to the constitution of man, that generally what is best for the body, as temperance, self-restraint, control of passion, and other mental exercises, is also best for the soul's health, and the training for highest ethical designs is not overlooked. But Dr. Feuchtersleben's chief aim is to point out the influences for good or evil of the spiritual over the corporeal system, and this he does with well-reasoned and variously illustrated arguments. The book contains much that is curious and practically useful; and with regard to many points discussed by the author we may say, in his own words on one occasion, "the physician will understand the reasons of the advice, and the non-professional reader will do well to follow it."

SUMMARY.

PROFESSOR VINET, of Lausanne, whose philosophical and religious writings placed him in the first rank of modern theologians, is also distinguished in the history of French literature by his work entitled *Chrestomathie Française*, a collection of extracts, methodical and progressive, forming an admirable course of reading in the French classics. Of this work M. St. Beuve, in his 'Portraits Contemporains,' speaks with the highest eulogy, and pronounces its author, M. Vinet, "critique littéraire des plus éminents, moraliste des plus profonds." The 'Chrestomathie' in the original is in three parts, adapted to readers of different ages. M. Chaumont, a teacher of high reputation in Edinburgh, has abridged Professor Vinet's work, and prepared a volume for a class-book in schools. The selections are made with judgment, and the book is really what its title implies, a useful manual of French literature. Another good French class-

book we may also name, by a teacher resident in Edinburgh, Dr. Dubuc's *French Grammar*.

The learned and ingenious author of the *Postulates and Data* keeps up his variety of themes, the last number containing 'Selectæ Emendationes in Antiphonte,' 'The Ecclesiastical Courts,' and 'Custom House Abuses,' the statements on the two latter of which subjects will surprise many readers.

A most instructive and amusing miscellany, entitled, *Novelties, Inventions, and Curiosities in Arts and Manufactures*, forms a number of Knight's Pocket Cyclopædia of Practical and Entertaining Knowledge, and is an excellent specimen of a publication, valuable and deserving to be popular. The arrangement of articles is alphabetical. The *Cyclopædia Bibliographica*, a dictionary of biography and bibliography, chiefly connected with theological literature, is publishing in monthly parts, of which two have appeared.

In *The Pilgrims of New England*, by Mrs. J. B. Webb, the author of 'Julamerk, a Tale of the Nestorians,' the manners and habits of the early Puritan settlers, and of the native Indians of those times, are illustrated in the form of a fictitious narrative, the chief incidents of which are founded on facts. Mrs. Webb gives a very fair view of the principles of the Puritan settlers, as well as a graphic account of their proceedings in the New World.

A learned, clever, but very eccentric book is imported lately from America, *Glossology, a Treatise on the Nature of Language, and on the Language of Nature*, by Charles Kraitsir, M.D. The author's originality and independence are apparent, but the levity of the style destroys the effect of many parts of the work. A new weekly literary journal has commenced this year at Boston, entitled *To-day*, and is conducted with considerable spirit by Charles Hale. The last number before us, for Sept. 25, commences with an article headed Lord Mahon's Retraction, in which the withdrawal of part of the charges against Mr. Sparks is announced with much exultation. In the *North American Review* for October, the chief articles are on the following subjects, The Geology of California, Lord Jeffrey's 'Life and Letters,' The Great Exhibition of 1851, The Decline in the Value of Money, The 'Life of Dr. Chalmers,' and Stiles's 'Austria in 1848-49.' A passage in the last-named review speaks of America as "the invincible refuge and sanctuary whither exiles from every nation and kingdom flee." The writer might have refrained from this boasting since the passing of the Fugitive Slave Act. We should be glad to see an article on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in the 'North American Review.'

A popular medical treatise, by E. J. Tilt, M.D., entitled, *The Elements of Health and Principles of Female Hygiene*, follows in the line of authors such as Drs. James Johnson, Andrew Combe, Herbert Mayo, and Southwood Smith, but with the peculiarity of chief prominence being given to female diseases. A book of more limited design, by Dr. Henry Davies, *The Young Wife's Book*, contains matter such as might be expected from a physician of so much experience. The second edition of a prophetic treatise, *The World to Come, or, the Kingdom of God*, contains discourses on the future changes of the world as predicted in Scripture. The most interesting part of the volume is an expansion of one of Dr. Chalmers's astronomical discourses, in which the renovated earth, after its next geological catastrophe and judicial purification from moral evil, is regarded as the future scene of blessedness. While on this subject we may take occasion to express our regret at having heard it stated lately with emphasis in the pulpit, that the recent political and social disturbances on the Continent portend the near approach of the end of the world. Such reasoning, to say the least, is unphilosophic, and must strike every one acquainted with the history of nations and of the prophecies as being puerile and unsound.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Amyott (The) Family, 2 parts, cloth, 1 vol., 5s.
Analysis and Summary of Acts of the Apostles, 3s. 6d.
Archbold's New Practice in Courts of Common Law, £1 5s.

Arnold's First Latin Book, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
Baneroff's American Revolution, Vol. 2, 8vo, cloth, 15s.
Bohn's Antiquarian Library, Paris Chronicle, Vol. 1, 5s.
Classical Library, Demosthenes' Olynthiacs, 3s. 6d.
Philological Library, Analysis of Herodotus, 5s.
Scientific Library, Schouw's Earth, Plants, &c., 5s.
Standard Library, Bacon's Essays, &c., 3s. 6d.
Brooke's Poems, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Carleton's Red Hall, 3 vols. post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.
Carlyle's Heroes and Hero-Worship, 4th edition, p. 8vo, 9s.
Child's Play, 2nd edition, imp. 8vo, 8s.; morocco, £1 5s.
Collins's New Atlas, 4to, half-bound morocco, £2 2s.
Conscience, A Tale of Life, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Cumming's Translation of Psalter of Bonaventure, 2s.
Day and Dines on Medieval Costumes, 4to, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Elwell's German and English Dictionary, 6s.; sewed, 5s.
Empedocles on Etna and other Poems, foolscap, cloth, 6s.
Esmond, a Story of Queen Anne's Reign, 3 vols., £1 11s. 6d.
Farm and Garden Essays, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
Feller's German and English Dictionary, 32mo, bound.
Gilfillan's (G.) Martyrs of the Scottish Covenant, 2s. 6d.
Holland's Rich and Poor Boys, 2 vols. 18mo, 1s. 6d.
Illuminated (The) Church Catechism, new edition, 3s.
Kinnears (The), a Scottish Story, 3 vols., £1 11s. 6d.
Landsborough's Zoophytes, square, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Lanktree's (J.) Land Valuer, 8vo, cloth, 5s.
Lawrance's (Hannah) Treasure-Seeker's Daughter, 2s. 6d.
London Biog. Library, Lives of Brothers Humboldt, 3s. 6d.
Maid of Honour, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Man without a Name, 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, £1 1s.
Mignet's Queen of Scots, 2nd edition, 2 vols. 8vo, £1 1s.
Milton Davenant, by James Bandinel, 3 vols., £1 11s. 6d.
Mundy's (Colonel) Our Antipodes, 3 vols. 8vo, £2 2s.
National Illustrated Library, United States Expedition, 5s.
O'Connell's (Catherine) Excursion in Ireland, 10s. 6d.
Older and Wiser, or Steps into Life, 12mo, cloth, 3s.
Parley's Annual, 1853, square, cloth, 5s.
Peacock at Home, new edition, 16mo, cloth, 3s.
Pictorial Bible History for the Young, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Playmate (The), 8vo, square, cloth, 5s.
Religious Instruction, Part 2, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Riddle's Bampton Lectures, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
Sealsfield's Cabin Book, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Starkie's Law of Evidence, 4th edition, royal 8vo, £1 16s.
Styles's (Rev. John) The Animal Creation, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Tales and Sketches of Christian Life, foolscap, cloth, 5s.
Tiarks's German Grammar, 9th edition, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
Tregelles on the Authenticity of the Book of Daniel, 1s. 6d.
Two Guardians (The) or Home in the World, fcap., 6s.
Tyndale's (John) Manual for Young Men, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
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THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.

DURING the past week the public has been surprised by the announcement that a site has at length been fixed for a New National Gallery and a Museum of Art. The statement is not official, but it has been made with the air of authority, and has been received with that general acquiescence usually given to a matter which is regarded as conclusively settled. There are several points, however, in this manifesto which call for comment, and to which we would invite attention. The substance of the announcement is, that 'the Royal Commissioners' have purchased between sixty and seventy acres of land at Kensington Gore, on the south side of the Kensington road, for a sum considerably above two hundred thousand pounds,—that on this site a spacious building is to be erected, "for the New National Gallery," according to 'The Times,' and according to 'The Builder' "for an Industrial University." The alleged purchase having been made by the Royal Commissioners of 1851, and with the surplus of the Crystal Palace funds, the transaction is in accordance with the Royal Charter by which the Commissioners were empowered to appropriate the money at their disposal in any way by which the objects of the Great Exhibition might be promoted and perpetuated. After much deliberation it was resolved by the Commissioners to found a new National Institution, in which the various collections of objects of art, such as that now at Marlborough House, might be brought together, and where the promotion of arts, manufactures, and commerce might be sought, through lectures and other means for teaching and for study. Latterly it was also suggested that this new Institution might include the national collection of pictures, and that the same building might serve for the New National Gallery, and for the projected Museum and School

of Art. Such was the state of matters when the announcement was made.

In the proposal before the public there are two separate topics for remark: 1st, a New National Institute of Art; and 2nd, the site for the building, and its surrounding grounds. With regard to the Institute itself, although the amalgamation of the National Gallery with a University of Art has been brought about in an irregular and unauthorized way, we rejoice in the result, as likely to prove advantageous to both objects. To bring together in one institution and under one roof the scattered treasures of art, whether painting, sculpture, or design, from the British Museum and elsewhere, and to attach to this Museum professorates and schools for instruction and study, is what we have at various times suggested. With these views it is well that the duties of the Parliamentary Commissioners for the New National Gallery, appointed some years ago, should lapse in the more comprehensive design with which the Royal Commissioners of 1851 have been entrusted.

With regard to the proposed site for the building at Kensington Gore, there appears to have been already some mismanagement on the part of the national trustees, and the present state of the transaction is such as to call for immediate public inquiry. The last that was heard of the commission for selecting a site for the New National Gallery was a report, in which a piece of ground on the Bayswater road, to the north of Kensington Gardens, was recommended as the most eligible site. Whether the commissioners were affronted by the superior consideration given at the time to another proposal,—viz., the erection on the ground now occupied by the Knightsbridge barracks, or whether they were discouraged by any opposition to the Bayswater site expressed in high quarters, from that time they seem to have relinquished the active exercise of their functions. Although not authorized to complete any purchase, it was their duty still to be on the watch for the best ground around London, and to give public notice of any event bearing on their office. How this was neglected the sequel will show. In the course of last year a property came into the market—Brompton Park, reaching from the Kensington Road to the old Brompton Road at Thurlow Square. This piece of land, with a frontage to the Kensington Road, almost exactly opposite the western end of the Crystal Palace, with fine old trees, and every advantage of soil, aspect, and position, was disposed of under certain conditions, for building purposes, for the small sum of 30,000*l.*, to Mr. Freke, the enterprising builder of On-low Square and the adjacent streets. As soon as the Royal Commissioners entered upon their functions under the charter, Prince Albert, with the sagacity which he has displayed in all matters connected with the Exhibition, pointed out this site as the best for the National Building then in contemplation. Application was made to the builder, and, with the sanction of Prince Albert, who took much personal interest in the matter, 20,000*l.* more was offered for the site than it had cost a few months previously, when vacated by Earl Talbot. Arrangements were already made, however, for covering the ground with buildings, amongst which one square is to be of surpassing magnificence. The builder is said to be backed in this speculation by the funds of the Sun Fire Office. The Commissioner, disappointed in this best of all sites, moved westward, and tried the property of Lord Harrington, who would have willingly acceded to the proposal, but he had entered into an arrangement with another builder, Mr. Jackson, from which he thought he could not honourably recede. Still keeping to that direction, the Commissioners were driven to the more distant and inferior site now in question, composed of land belonging chiefly to the Baron de Villars and to the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster. This land, although less suitable in position than Brompton Park, is six times larger in extent, and affords scope for a design of surrounding the building with ornamental grounds. We are at the same time informed, that the purchase is

not yet legally completed, the property being secured for the benefit of the heirs of the Baroness de Villars, the sister of Lord Harrington. If this be the case, and we believe it is so, an act of Parliament will be necessary for the sale being effected. There will be opportunity, therefore, for some questions being asked in the House as to the proceedings of the Commissioners for the New National Gallery; and, meanwhile, we trust that the public press, whose vigilance seems in the present instance to have been evaded, will direct attention to what is going on in a matter of so much national importance.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Chemical, 8 p.m.

— Entomological, 8 p.m.

Tuesday.—Horticultural, 2 p.m.—(Exhibition of Chrysanthemums, Alpine Strawberries, and Celery.)

— Linnean, 8 p.m.

Wednesday.—Geological, 8½ p.m.—(Professor Sedgwick, 'On a proposed Subdivision of the Caradoc Sandstone of May Hill and the Malverns, with a Notice of the Equivalent Rocks in the Valley of the Dent.')

— School of Mines.—(Introductory Lecture by Dr. Lyon Playfair.)

Thursday.—Zoological, 3 p.m.—(General Business.)

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE third ascent of the Nassau balloon for meteorological purposes took place from Vauxhall Gardens, on Thursday, the 21st instant, under the auspices of the Kew Committee of the British Association. The balloon was guided, as usual, by Mr. Green, the observations being taken by Mr. Welsh. Only one observer ascended on this occasion, as it was proposed to attain a greater elevation than on the two former expeditions. The day was gloomy throughout, one or two slight showers having fallen about 10 A.M.: the air was, however, very tranquil at the earth's surface, which facilitated greatly the inflation and starting of the balloon. The balloon was released from the earth at 2h. 45m. P.M., and ascended for a short distance nearly vertically, but soon moved off towards about E.N.E. The lower surface of the dense covering of cloud was reached at an elevation of about 1500 feet, the height of the upper surface being 3400 feet. At 3h. 29m. the balloon had attained a height of about 12,600 feet. The earth from that elevation being quite obscured by clouds, and the direction and velocity of the balloon's motion relatively to the clouds beneath leading Mr. Green to suspect that they might be approaching the sea, it was resolved to descend below the clouds in order to ascertain their position, intending, if there were space enough, to ascend again to a great height. Upon coming in view of the earth, it was, however, found that the balloon was moving rapidly along the Thames towards Sheerness, and within a very few miles of it. A second ascent being now out of the question, it was determined to land at once. During the remainder of the descent the balloon met with a slight current from S.W., which permitted a safe landing to be effected on the north bank of the Thames, between the villages of South Benfleet and Rayleigh. A very complete series of observations was obtained as far as the height mentioned, which, although far short of what was expected from the expedition, will afford valuable results, especially in connexion with the thick mass of clouds passed through. On leaving the gardens, the temperature was about 58° Fahr.; at the lower surface of the cloud (1500 feet high), it was 50°; at the upper surface (3400 feet), 50½°; at 4400 feet, or 1000 feet after clearing the cloud, 52½°: after this height the temperature decreased till it reached 25° at the elevation of 12,600 feet. The air within the cloud was quite saturated with moisture. A fourth ascent is contemplated as soon as the weather will permit.

In Edinburgh the coming week is to be one of unusual excitement. On Tuesday, Mr. Macaulay is

to address the electors. We rejoice to learn that he has so far recovered his health as to admit of this. The winter session of the University commences on the same day. The question of religious tests being imposed on lay professors is occupying much notice. A public meeting was held yesterday, on a requisition of many of the leading inhabitants, the Lord Provost presiding, to petition Parliament for the abolition of the tests. A counter-meeting was held by a commission of the General Assembly in support of the old system, which, however suitable for former times, is felt by many as a grievance, now that the Established Church includes but a minority of the population, and presents few candidates for professorships compared with the aggregate of other ecclesiastical communities, including Episcopalian, Free Churchmen, and Dissenters, all of whom are at present legally excluded even from the purely scientific chairs. It is thought that Mr. Macdougall, the recently elected successor of Professor Wilson, will be interdicted by the Court of Session, at the instance of some of his clerical opponents, from lecturing on moral philosophy. The Philosophical Institution also commences its session, and the New College and the municipal elections fall the same week, so that there will be no little stir in the northern capital.

The five Academies composing the Institute of France, held their annual public sitting on Monday last. It was remarked with regret that M. Guizot, M. Thiers, and other eminent politico-literary personages, were not present; indeed, to use a French expression, most of the principal members of the different academies "shone by their absence." The proceedings were interesting, but not important. M. Lebrun, who presided, read a paper, giving the oft-repeated history of the foundation of the Académie Française by Cardinal Richelieu, of its being taken under the protection of Louis XIV., &c. On the report of a committee, the Volney "prix de linguistique," consisting of a gold medal worth 48l., was awarded to M. Gaussin, for a 'Treatise on the Dialect of Tahiti and of the Marquesas Islands, and on the Polynesian language in general.' M. Louis Reybaud, the author of 'Jerome Paturot,' which has been not unjustly called the modern Gil Blas, read a spirited account of a visit to the La Trappe monastery at Stoueli, in Africa. M. Halévy, the composer of the *Juive*, and other popular operas, then read a biography of poor Tom Britton. Not one in the audience probably had ever heard of Tom; but long before M. Halévy had concluded, all felt the liveliest interest in him, and the greatest admiration of his musical and other talents. M. Victor Leclerc attempted to prove that Molière borrowed the *Médecin malgré lui*, and Voltaire the tragedy of *Zaïre* from *fabliaux* of the old troubadours. Finally, M. Ampère gave an account of a trip to Canada, and of the French populations of Montreal and Quebec.

The Winter Session at the Government School of Mines and of Sciences applied to the Arts is to commence next Wednesday, Nov. 3, with an introductory lecture by Dr. Lyon Playfair. The courses are, Chemistry applied to Arts and Agriculture, by Dr. Playfair; Natural History applied to Geology and the Arts, by Professor Edward Forbes; Mechanical Science, with its application to Mining, by Robert Hunt, Keeper of the mining Records; Metallurgy, with its special application, by Dr. Percy; Geology, its practical application, by A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.; and Mining and Mineralogy, by Warrington N. Smyth, F.G.S.

Professor Stephen has commenced a course of lectures at King's College, on the Common Law Procedure Act of 1852, the matter of which being of much general interest, the course is attended by many who are not members of the college. The Act came into operation on the 25th instant. Of this, with the other important law reform measures of last session, an account is given in the useful book noticed by us in the 'Gazette' of last week, 'Patterson's Practical Statutes of 1852.'

Few ecclesiastical matters come within the range of our topics; but there are some interesting historical associations connected with an ordina-

tion service this week at Islington. The Bishop of Sierra Leone officiated, an excellent volume of sermons by whom we noticed lately in the 'Gazette.' The candidates for orders were Richard Charneby Paley, B.A., a grandson of Archdeacon Paley, and George Hobbs, who has for twenty years been the schoolmaster in the famous Pitcairn's Island. Mr. Hobbs is returning to the island as clergyman, and Mr. Paley is going as a missionary to Abbeokuta, in Africa. Part of the service was conducted by the vicar of Islington, son of Daniel Wilson, the learned and pious Bishop of Calcutta; and the candidates were recommended by the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. H. Venn, grandson of Henry Venn, the friend of Cowper, Newton, and Thornton.

The Belgian government has just caused to be published a magnificent folio volume, entitled 'The Belgian Constitution Illustrated.' It contains, in addition to the text of the 'Constitution,' portraits of the King and the Duke de Brabant, and engravings personifying or symbolizing the different great points of the fundamental law, such as the liberty of public worship, the liberty of the press, equal laws for all, the judicial body, &c. The designs are by Victor Logye, a young Flemish artist of great promise, and display originality in conception with boldness in execution. The engravings, which are for the most part admirably executed, are by Henry Brown, Pennemaker, and Vermoreken. The printing is really beautiful. The editing and general superintendence of the publication were left to Adolphe van Soust de Borekenfeld. The government wishes the work to be considered as a specimen of Belgian typography and engraving; and as such it certainly does credit to the country.

Having spoken lately of the large sale in England of an American book, it may be well to notice the sale, little less remarkable, in America of an English book. The demand in the United States for the 'Essays from the Times,' which, after a circulation of ten thousand in the columns of that journal, were circulated to the extent of many more thousands in Murray's 'Reading for the Rail,' has been greater even than in this country. And, as a still later example of the weight that attaches to the literary opinions of our political contemporary, we may observe that the clever and damaging review of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which recently appeared in that journal, has been appended to an edition of the work, and is selling largely besides in a pamphlet form, price six cents.

We have been requested to state that the announcement of a re-issue in England of Mrs. Stowe's 'May-flower' is a cause of much annoyance to the authoress, who, to use her own words, "would relinquish all profits from English editions of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' could she prevail upon the publishers not to re-produce those slight and foolish sketches of her early days."

Eugene Sue has been spending the summer on the shores of Lake Annecy in Savoy, and during his sojourn there has finished a new romance, called 'La Marquise Cornelia d'Alfi,' which is probably already in the hands of the printer. A new work, also, by Carl Gutzkow, a pendant to the 'Ritter von Geist,' is shortly expected.

Mr. Charles Pearson's scheme for the great city railway terminus at Farringdon-street, with its suburban radii, has again been brought before public notice. A lecture is to be given at the London Tavern, on Monday, at noon, for explaining the project. "A frequent, rapid, punctual, and cheap intercommunication between the city and the suburbs" is what is promised to the metropolitan public, while the connexion of the great provincial lines will be of great service to general travellers, as well as convenient for the goods traffic of the several lines. Mr. Pearson deserves high praise for his ingenious and persevering efforts in this matter, which, he says, "has cost him during the last seventeen years above 3000l. in money, and more than 10,000 hours of exertion, anxiety, and thought."

The Municipality of Berlin has resolved that an extensive piece of unoccupied ground near the Gate of Brandenburg shall be elegantly ornamented with

arcades, containing statues of distinguished Prussians since the time of Frederick the Great.

The literary treaty between France and Brunswick, the signing of which we announced some months ago, has been ratified and promulgated by the French Government. It has now, accordingly, the force of law.

Baron Prokesh, late Austrian Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople, has just completed a 'History of the War of Independence of the Greeks.' The text of the work fills two large volumes; the documents, &c., are contained in a Supplement of three volumes.

The time ball of the Electric Telegraph Company at Charing-cross is not, we fear, in very accurate working order. Yesterday, when it was liberated, the minute-hand of the Company's illuminated clock pointed to two minutes past one, and that of St. Martin's church clock to three minutes past one. Is the Astronomer Royal responsible for this?

MUSIC.

ONE of the oldest of our musical associations, the CONCENTORES SODALES, commenced their meetings for the season last week, at the Musical Professor's Rooms, in Gresham Hall, in the City, under the presidency of Mr. Edward Taylor. This society was established at the beginning of this century, by some eminent composers and singers, among whom were Webbe, Calcott, and Horsley, the last of whom still survives to witness the great improvement and extension of musical taste of late years in England. Formerly the *Sodales* had a convivial meeting previous to their performances, but the dinners have been given up, and the meetings are now held in the Gresham College. On Monday evening there was a vocal entertainment of a superior order. Among the pieces were—Horsley's glee, "Blow light, ye balmy breezes," Stevens's 'Ye cloud capp'd towers,' and several of Professor Taylor's compositions; a glee for four voices, 'To these lone shades;' an Italian piece, 'Volate più di venti;' and a fine cathedral 'Magnificat.' The singers, with Professor Taylor, were Messrs. Barnby, Smith, Cumming, Card, Spencer, Gray, and Herring. We are glad to find the learned and venerable Gresham Professor, some of whose valuable lectures last winter we had pleasure in reporting, in such force for the forthcoming musical season.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY commenced its winter campaign, under the conduct of M. Costa, last evening, at Exeter Hall. The Dead March from Handel's *Samson* was performed as a tribute of respect to the memory of Wellington. Mendelssohn's *Christus* was brought forward for the first time in London, of the performance of which, and of Spohr's *Last Judgment*, we reserve our notice till next week.

THE LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY has also commenced its season, the first rehearsal having taken place last week.

The operatic season at St. Petersburg promises to be one of unusual brilliancy, the company comprising Signors Lablache, Mario, Ronconi, and Tamberlik. At the Italian Opera at Madrid, the chief names for the season are Mdmes. Clara Novello, Angri, and Capuani, Signors Cuzzani, Bettini, and Vitali, tenors, and Coletti, Roppa, and Selva, baritones and bassi. At Rome, Mdle. Piccolomini is the popular favourite at present. Madame Sontag continues to cause a *furor* at her concerts in the United States, her popularity being shared by Madame Alboni. Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, and Miss Barclay, a young *débutante* of last season, have been singing at Brighton, having given their services for the benefit of the Brighton Orchestral Society. Among the efficient instrumental company were Cooper, Harper, Nicholson, Pratten, and others of note; Mr. Mellon, conductor.

A grand requiem, by Berlioz, was executed on Friday last, in the Church of St. Eustache at Paris. Upwards of six hundred musical and choral performers took part in it; and amongst the latter were most of the principal singers of the two operas. The execution, from want of sufficient preparation,

was not perfect; but the Requiem on the whole was greatly admired, and with improvements bids fair to assume a distinguished place in that description of musical productions. It displays great vigour throughout, and in parts is really grand. It has been composed in honour of a Baron de Tremont, who by his will has divided a considerable income amongst the musical and other charitable, literary, and artistic associations of France. It is intended to have it performed in every cathedral in that country.

Mdles. Cruvelli and Belletti, and the tenor, Bettini, are announced as having been engaged by the new director of the Italian theatre at Paris. The season is to commence on the 15th November.

Mdlle. Zerr sang last in Hanover, in the part of *Lucia*. Her success among the *connoisseurs* of that city was but indifferent. Her return to Vienna is mentioned, where, it would appear, a *prima donna* is so much wanted, that the Emperor is inclined to grant to Mdle. Zerr a free pardon for her London demonstration in favour of the Hungarian refugees.

A dramatic oratorium, *John the Evangelist*, by Küstner, is about to be produced by the Berlin Singing Academy.

Meyerbeer's *Prophet* is about to be brought out at the Royal theatre at Stockholm.

THE DRAMA.

AT the PRINCESS'S, the author of *The Patrician's Daughter* has produced another play on modern life, under the not very promising title of *Anne Blake*. The story turns upon the fortunes of a young lady of this name, who resides with a *parvenu* uncle, who has taken herself and her mother into his house, upon condition of the latter renouncing the society of a poor author, with whom she had contracted a *mésalliance*. The play opens at the point where the endurance of *Anne Blake*, who by this time has lost both her parents, has been strained to the uttermost by the coarse tyranny of the vulgar uncle and his fine lady wife. The prospect of her emancipation is, however, at hand, in an approaching marriage with Mr. Thorold, a pseudo-artist, who has bestowed much pains in forming the mind and taste of the dependent orphan. The uncle's estates are deeply mortgaged to a neighbouring proprietor, Mr. Llaniston, with 10,000*l.* a-year, and next heir to an earldom, who has been fascinated by the beauty and high spirit of *Miss Blake*. His suit is favoured by the uncle and his wife as the means of relieving themselves from their embarrassments. They accordingly set to work to break off the alliance with Thorold, and their machinations are favoured by his frequent and unexplained absence, which suggests to *Anne* a distrust of his love that is converted into violent jealousy by his possession of the portrait of a beautiful female, and a locket with golden hair, in an envelope inscribed by Thorold, as "a token from one who is dearer than life itself." Mr. Thorold accordingly receives his dismissal, and Mr. Llaniston is accepted. Mr. Thorold, who at this juncture turns out to be a colonel of great celebrity in the Indian army, with a perseverance more praiseworthy than natural, considering the peculiar style of *Anne's* dismissal of him, remonstrates with her upon the sin of marrying without affection, and concludes his interview by informing her that the portrait in question is her mother's, which had come into his possession as the friend of her father, who in dying has appointed him her guardian. The revulsion consequent on this intelligence may be imagined. *Anne* discards the convenient Llaniston as summarily as she had accepted him. Having made a rash vow in her anger never to wed Mr. Thorold rich, whom she had rejected when she believed him poor, because, being herself dependent, her motives might be open to suspicion, *Anne* feels herself free to announce to him her unalterable love just as he is on the point of sailing for India, whence tidings have reached him of the accession of an immense fortune from gold mines in which he has speculated there. *Anne's* vow is got rid of by the announcement that she is wealthy, the

mining shares being her father's; Colonel Thorold presents her with the mortgage of her uncle's estates, of which he has acquired an assignment from Llaniston; *Anne* offers her uncle and aunt a residence in their own house, now hers, and the curtain falls with the usual anticipations of an early marriage.

Such is the story, which has been expanded into five brief acts by a succession of incidents and situations neither very novel nor very probable. A true dramatic poet can, however, get over the difficulties even of a bad plot, if his characters be natural and consistent; but unhappily the present piece offers no such compensation, for the characters are quite as unnatural and incongruous as the story, and for none of them is it possible to feel either interest or respect. The coarse brutality of Sir John Toppington, the uncle, rendered more intolerable by the noise and grimace of Mr. Addison, is a constant offence to probability; and if the arts of his wife appear less improbable, it is only because long familiarity in plays and novels with similar characters has blunted one's perceptions in that direction. Lovers carry their eccentricities pretty far, both in life and on the stage, but never before have we encountered a man of fortune and rank like Mr. Llaniston, persevering in the conquest of a lady who tells him to his face she will take him solely for his money, and who asks him the extent of his net income, deducting expenses, as a preliminary to the treaty. This may be spirit in the lady,—most people will probably think it deserves a harsher name,—but wooing upon such a basis is something more than contemptible in the gentleman. For ourselves, it scarcely surprised us to find *Miss Anne Blake* putting matters upon so mercantile a footing, after the numerous offences against good breeding and good feeling of which the author has made her guilty throughout the piece. Instead of creating sympathy by her dependent position, and what is called high spirit, she is just one of those persons who in life are most intolerable, the basis of whose character is intense pride and exacting selfishness, whose eyes are perpetually fixed on their own feelings and their own position, and who, while they are absurdly sensitive themselves, are at the same time entirely regardless of the feelings of others. Suffering has not made her either patient or thoughtful. She is wilful, rash, suspicious, passionate, cruel. With fine words upon her tongue, she has injustice and intolerance in her heart. Her very passions want strength, and her most spirited moods would be treated as tiresome ebullitions of temper in any other young lady. No woman of good feeling, still less a poor relation, dependent on bounty,—one of the "people who live in other people's houses," as *Jerrold's* admirable spinster has it,—would treat a suitor like Mr. Llaniston with petulant scorn in return for the compliment involved in his admiration. And most certainly any young woman is entitled to slight regard when, upon suspicions raised through dishonourable prying, she dismisses a man who has wasted years of accepted love upon her, as Mr. Marston's heroine dismisses Mr. Thorold. How that gentleman, who seems a man of sense in other respects, should submit to the contemptuous insolence of the young lady, it is hard to see; and when his forbearance, and the opportune rise in the value of mining shares, release *Anne* from a vow not less wicked than absurd, and enable her to accept his hand, we ask, with profound pity, of what secret crime has he been guilty that he should be married to such a partner? The character of *Anne Blake* is a mistake from first to last. She is unlovable in herself, and the incident on which the play turns—the jealousy excited by the miniature and locket—(when are authors to have done with this incident?)—places her character as respects both mind and heart, in the most unamiable aspect. Heroes and heroines on the stage, as in life, are judged by their acts, and not by their words, and all *Anne Blake's* pretty speeches do not blind the moral judgment of the spectator to her egotism and selfishness. All poetical justice is violated by her marriage with Thorold. She deserved to have

lost her lover, and such conduct would have lost him in real life. There is no under-vein of nobleness in her character on which, after such a revelation of weakness, any man of sense could have relied. We regret to speak so harshly of a work by a man whose genius we admire; but where an author of such high powers, and who has so often delineated the female character in its ennobling influence, falls so far short of the true ideal, the disappointment is doubly great. Of the acting there is little to be said. The acerbity of *Anne's* character was, if possible, sharpened by Mrs. Kean's treatment of it. Mr. Kean's *Thorold* was, however, excellent—quiet, self-centred, and manly. The scene where he relates to *Anne* the story of her parents was treated with the firm hand of an artist. The mounting of the piece was equal to the best efforts of this house, and helped materially to its success. Passages of good writing, and the interest which any play of Mr. Marston's must excite, will keep it on the stage for some time, but we cannot anticipate for it any great hold upon the public.

We were glad to see opportunity afforded to Mr. Wright, in the part of *Billy Lackaday*, of testing his powers at this house in legitimate comedy. He fully sustained the ordeal, having got rid of nearly all that tendency to play with his part, in which he was occasionally apt to indulge at the Adelphi. Some little tricks, however, such as the mode of closing the verses of the famous song, showed that Mr. Wright has still something to unlearn. Let us suggest to the management that respect for their audience requires a stronger cast for such a play as *Sweethearts and Wives*. Actors and actresses of the highest repute have filled the parts which are here entrusted to performers of the third and fourth rank.

Another piece, produced this week at the OLYMPIC, takes its name from the heroine, *Sarah Blangi*, an adaptation by Morris Barnett, of the *Sarah the Creole* of MM. Descourcelles and Jaimes, is one of those pieces which rely for success upon the skilful development of the story, and a succession of striking situations. In both these qualities the piece abounds, and the attention is feverishly arrested through its five acts without any sense of weariness. The heroine, a sort of female *Iago*, is employed throughout in endeavouring to revenge upon a Colonel Dumont the death of her supposed father, who has been shot under the Colonel's orders for a breach of military discipline. Adopted into the Colonel's family, she prosecutes her revenge upon his daughter, first, by endeavouring to blast her domestic happiness, and failing in this, by the more material agency of poison. At every stage in her progress she is baffled by a certain M. Vaudris, admirably performed by Mr. Compton, who, in the most natural manner, always arrives at the right time, to thwart her measures on the very threshold of success; and when her audacity has reached its climax, reveals himself as *Colonel Dumont's* brother, whom *Sarah* had, as she thought, taken effectual measures for poisoning in the Brazils. The revolting character of *Sarah* introduced Miss Fanny Wallack to the English stage. Her style, like Miss Cushman's, is theatrical and spasmodic, but she plays with intelligence and purpose. The other characters were ably filled. Miss Gordon as *Alice*, *Colonel Dumont's* daughter, indicated higher powers, as an actress, than she has hitherto done. Of Mr. Compton we have already spoken. One scene, where he extorts from a poisoning doctor the confession of his plans, is of that masterly style which, in these days of feeble acting, is infinitely refreshing. Mr. Farren's make-up for *Colonel Dumont* is such as only he can achieve, and the *Julian* of his son, Mr. Wm. Farren, shows an obvious advance in the knowledge of his art. Mr. Hoskins's *M. de Cerny*, though somewhat wanting in finish, was upon the whole up to the mark. The piece was dressed and put upon the stage in the best style, and will no doubt have a run.

The principal dramatic event of the week in Paris has been a state visit of President Bonaparte to the Théâtre Français. The theatre was packed by his partisans, and he was a good deal shouted at.

The performances were Corneille's *Cinna*, a tragedy full of political allusions, and of tirades of a despotic and dramatic character. The last time *Cinna* was performed "in state" was just after the Revolution of 1848, in presence of Ledru Rollin, Marrast, and others of the kings of the hour.

A new theatre has just been opened at Teflis, in Russian Georgia, with a comedy called the *Magician Markadi Schah*, by Mirza Feth Ali Altschander, a young Tartar author of some note in his own country. The inhabitants of Christiania in Norway have built a new theatre by subscription, and have also erected and endowed a school for gratuitous dramatic and musical education.

Another five-act tragedy, with the everlasting Cardinal Richelieu for the hero, has been brought out at the Odéon. It is by a young and unknown man named Peillon. It displays considerable merit in construction and versification. But really it is high time that Richelieu and his contemporaries, Louis XIII., Anne of Austria, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, &c., should be laid on the shelf. They have, as the French say, been "served up in all sorts of sauce," and have become as stale and unpalatable as *toujours perdrix*.

Some sensation has been caused in the dramatic circles of Paris by the "Reading Committee" of the Théâtre Français having rejected a piece in three acts, called *Aspasie*, by M. Samson, the oldest and the best actor of that establishment. The rejection is the more surprising as Samson is already favourably known as a dramatic author, and as Rachel was particularly anxious to play the part. The same committee has declined to receive a new piece by George Sand, taken from her novel, 'Maurat.' This refusal is, however, justifiable, as the piece is too melodramatic in character for the classic boards of the Français. It is to be brought out at the Ambigu.

VARIETIES.

Byron's Application for the Office of Poet Laureate.—"My lord (Chamberlain)—Having many hours of idleness on my hands, and being an adept at versification, it would not be unacceptable to me to try the experiment of writing the laureate odes, in order to ascertain if that new pursuit would kill the ennui by which I am devoured. Being in politics between a Whig and a Jacobin, the subject of our Sovereign's praise will have so much of the Romaunt in my eyes, as sufficiently to resemble the species of composition in which I am most successful. My desires, my lord, do not point at the perquisites or emoluments of the office. Wine I now loathe, money I detest, praise is irksome to me, and the world only one dull round of apathy and misanthropy. It is for variety I undertake the task, and if possible, to amuse the forlorn.—BYRON."—*Autobiography of William Jerdan.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. R. S.—in our next.—Lines on Wellington, E. C., A Constant Reader—received.

M. JULLIEN'S FOURTEENTH and LAST ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS previous to his departure for America.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

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| | £ s. d. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. | £ s. d. |
| 15 | 0 14 9 | 0 16 6 | 1 9 10 | 1 15 2 |
| 20 | 0 17 7 | 0 19 7 | 1 13 11 | 1 19 5 |
| 25 | 1 1 1 | 1 3 0 | 1 18 7 | 2 4 3 |
| 30 | 1 4 4 | 1 6 7 | 2 3 11 | 2 9 9 |
| 35 | 1 8 2 | 1 10 6 | 2 10 6 | 2 16 6 |
| 40 | 1 12 0 | 1 14 2 | 2 18 3 | 3 4 5 |
| 45 | 1 15 9 | 2 0 5 | 3 9 3 | 3 15 7 |
| 50 | 2 4 6 | 2 10 4 | 4 3 3 | 4 9 9 |
| 55 | 2 15 1 | 3 3 4 | 5 0 10 | 5 7 6 |
| 60 | 3 11 0 | 4 5 11 | 6 5 6 | 6 12 6 |

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